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A FEW WEEKS ON THE CONTINENT.

GENEVA.

THE stranger at Lausanne now finds the same kind of convenient arrangements for carrying him on his journey as he would have in some of our most improved English cities. Omnibuses make the round of the hotels at certain hours, to collect passengers for the steamers on the lake; and in one of these, on the morning after our return from Chillon, we were conveyed, in about a quarter of an hour, by a downhill road, to Ouchy. This is a village close on the shore of Lake Lemman, no way remarkable in appearance, and possessing a tolerable inn, *L'Ancore*, opposite the quay, in which Lord Byron, in the space of two days, in 1816, when confined by bad weather, wrote his "Prisoner of Chillon." Little time was left for us to examine the place; the steamer moving up the lake from Villeneuve approached, and, along with a number of other passengers, we were conveyed to it in a row-boat from the shore. In a few minutes, we were on our way towards Geneva.

The sail up Lake Lemman is one of the most exhilarating which it is possible to make. Above, we have a vast unclouded firmament of lovely blue; beneath, the beautiful sheet of water, unruffled by winds, and emulating the sky in its wondrous azure colour. On the right is spread out the long stretch of the canton of Vaud, rich in culture, and dotted with white villages; while on the left is Savoy, that dark and stern land, which no man may approach. I have tried to compare the scene in recollection with what one sees in the estuary of the Clyde and in a sail on our Highland lakes; but there is not a sufficiently near resemblance in either case to bear a just comparison. The most picturesque of the Scottish scenery is wild, lonely, and sometimes grand; but the hills are nowhere so stupendous as they are in Savoy, and they rarely bear that evidence of fertility which is the most pleasing feature of the lower Swiss mountains. Nowhere, I believe, in Europe is there any sheet of water equalling in beauty Lochs Lomond and Katrine, with their many bushy islands; but the banks of these lakes, and also arms of the sea in Scotland, are for the most part brown heathy hills, and convey an unpleasant impression of abandonment. Disposed as extensive sheep-walks by their owners, or let in patches to a set of poor and far from active peasantry, it is scarcely in the nature of things they should be otherwise. But placed in the free cantons of Switzerland, though at such altitudes as to afford little superiority in climate, the same mountain ranges would be well cultured and beautified—small fields enclosed, and forced by a diligent course of labour into fertility, fruit trees occupying the place of whin bushes, and the bleating of goats, or the tinkle of cow-bells, being heard instead of the wild cry of the partridge and curlew.

All this richness of scenery is observable on the Vaud side of the lake, which, taken in its whole extent from Chillon to Geneva, is unexampled for rural beauty, as well as for a social condition which has been styled the *Paradis des Suisses*. As we advance, the lake widens, affording greater amplitude to the scene; and at the distance of a few miles from Ouchy, we have for the first time a distant view of Mont Blanc, which gives a new and striking feature to the piece. It is seen as a huge mass of jagged peaks, covered with snow, reposing in the midst of a tumultuous ocean of black hills of lower height, at the distance of from fifty to sixty miles inland from the Savoy side of the lake. Both the height and distance, however, of this gigantic mountain, appear nothing

like the reality. This is a remarkable deception of the eye; and at a first glance, we should certainly say that the snowy peaks were not more than five or six thousand, in place of fifteen thousand, feet in height. A circumstance soon convinces us of our miscalculation. On the smooth face of the lake, from the vessel to the southern shore, an interval measuring from two to three miles, the stupendous mass is faithfully reflected as in a mirror—the brilliant white of the glaciers comes stealing along the unsullied surface of the lake, till it mingles and is lost among the blue spray, which is dashed aside by the wheels of our fast-proceeding vessel.

This blueness of the waters of Lake Lemman is not the least interesting matter for observation in our voyage. The phenomenon has astonished and puzzled every body; and though many have tried to explain its cause, it is to this day one of the mysteries of natural science. The water, when taken up in a glass or the hand, is perfectly pure, like any other clear fresh water of lake or river; but when looked at in the mass, it is a beautiful Prussian blue, as if a liquor of that colour prepared for the operations of the dyer. As the Rhine and all its tributary lakes and streams are green, the blueness of Lake Lemman is the more remarkable. The lake is very deep in some parts; so much so, that in winter certain parts of the surface do not freeze. The contents are also moving onward in correspondence with the volume of the Rhone, which enters at Villeneuve, and escapes in an impetuous broad current at Geneva, a mass of water seemingly equivalent to that of the Thames at Hammersmith. The lake is of a semicircular form, between forty and fifty miles in length, and six in breadth at the widest part. Towards Geneva it gradually narrows, being approached by high grounds; and here it has clearly forced a passage through the range of the Jura mountains, which are one entire calcareous mass, easily permeable by water. The country between the Lakes Lemman and Neuchâtel being flatish, attempts have been made in modern times to unite the two by an artificial canal; but what, by the force of capital, could be done in a few months in England, has never been accomplished in this comparatively primitive region. The French sigh for a water boundary to their country. Why did they not carry out this great undertaking under the empire? Sailing up the Rhine, they might have cut across Switzerland into Lake Lemman, and down the Rhone to the Mediterranean. True, the Rhone, some miles below Geneva, dives below a mountain, and comes to light again. But Napoleon accomplished greater things than the removal of a mountain; and this would have added another imperishable exploit to his reputation.

But we must stop our speculations. The steamer is near the termination of its journey. The mass of the lake is left behind; and we have before us, nestling in an awkward gorge of the mountains, partly on a plain on the right and a high knoll on the left, the ancient city of Geneva. The quay is on the left, under the shadow of the older part of the town; in the middle of the Rhone, opposite, is a pretty islet covered with bushes, forming the central point of a long wooden bridge, which is extended to the right bank. The scene, on landing, reminded us of the bustle of a trading English town; and pushing our way onwards, we crossed the bridge to the *Hôtel des Bergues* (meaning, I suppose, the hotel of the islands)—an enormously large and magnificent establishment, which I afterwards regretted having entered, both on account of its distance from the principal quay and the general hauteur of its conductors.

Geneva, as is pretty well known, is one of the most

ancient cities in Europe, and has been the scene of many remarkable events in the history of civil and religious liberty. Like the contiguous district of the Pays de Vaud, it was once an heritable tenure of the Dukes of Savoy and a bishop, the citizens, however, possessing certain privileges from the German emperors. Constant disputes about the enjoyment of these rights, at length ended in an open war with the ducal government, which, by the aid of the Swiss, was overcome and expelled (1524); and in a few years afterwards, the bishop's authority was also put aside, by the general spread of the Reformation. The Dukes of Savoy made many efforts to regain possession of the town, but without avail; and in 1603 they abandoned the struggle, when a government by a privileged class of citizens was finally organised. This great reform was in time discovered to be no reform at all; every thing being managed, or rather mismanaged, by an oligarchy more tyrannical than the dukes or bishops, and, in 1781, the people broke into a revolt. The disturbance was quelled by the armed intervention of France in favour of the ruling party, whereupon many of the most industrious families voluntarily emigrated to America and other countries. A day of fearful reckoning arrived. The French Revolution broke out; and spreading to Geneva, scenes of revenge and cruelty were enacted equally horrible with those in Paris. In 1798, the city was incorporated with France, and it remained in this state till the restoration of its independence in 1814; since which period it has, along with a few miles of territory around, formed a distinct canton in the Swiss confederation. The restored government was injudiciously modelled on an oligarchical principle, and has within the last few months been quietly reformed, and a more popular constitution set up in its place, on a plan similar to what has proved so suitable in Berne, Vaud, and other revolutionised cantons.

The reader will now be prepared to understand, that whatever Geneva may have been formerly, it is in the present day a French town as respects language, and partly manners and sentiments, but endowed with that heedful regard for industrial pursuits and rational advancement which gives the place a distinguished name among continental cities. Among the foremost to embrace the Reformation, the inhabitants have ever readily afforded an asylum to the oppressed from all nations; and now that religious intolerance no longer drives folk from their homes, Geneva remains a place of resort and settlement for intelligent strangers from every quarter. Few towns of its size can boast of having been the residence of so many men eminent in science and literature; and no one can see its orderly state of society, its numerous learned institutions, and its charming environs, so well calculated to be the seat of elegant retirement, without acknowledging that it is deserving of the honour.

Since 1816, when the canton and city were favoured with the management of their own affairs, they have steadily gone upon a course of improvement and prosperity. Like some of our English towns, Geneva is found in the present day to be in a state of transition

* Sismondi said the chief glory of Geneva resulted from its having been the asylum of the oppressed from all parts of Europe. "I can never think without emotion," he continued, "of the band of French Protestants who came here for refuge." His voice was choked; after a moment, he added, "When they reached the summit of the Jura, and saw the lake and city before them, they all, with one accord, fell on their knees and sung a psalm!" His tears again interrupted him, and he apologised for them, saying, "Ce sont les choses qui me meurent le plus; je ne peux jamais en parler."—(These are the sort of things that most move me; I cannot speak of them.)—*Letters from Abroad, by Miss Sedgwick*

from the antiquated and mean accommodations of a former age to spaciousness and splendour. Along the quays, on both sides of the Rhone, tall houses of sandstone, in the most handsome style of architecture, have been erected; and a very beautiful street of the same description has been laid out in the western quarter of the ancient city. Within this older part, which is seen towering to a great height, there is as yet little alteration. The dingy and not over-cleanly streets wind in lines to the summit of the eminence, which is conspicuously crowned with the ancient Gothic church of St Peter—the church in which Knox listened to the thunderings of Calvin, and whence he carried that ecclesiastical polity and those doctrines which he planted in Scotland. At a short distance from this aged structure are situated various public buildings, including the college and municipal establishments, but the whole jammed up among courts and alleys on no regular plan, as was generally the case in old walled cities. The principal access to the high town is by a long winding road on the west; and here, on the right, as we ascend, space has been found within the extended fortifications for a botanic garden, laid out in 1816 by Decandolle, and always open to the public. Near its entrance stands the theatre, a handsome modern edifice.

The charm of Geneva is less within than without the town. Towards the south, the open country is limited, in consequence of the abrupt rise of Mount Saleve, a high hill, from which a magnificent prospect is obtained of Mont Blanc and the neighbouring heights of Savoy, also of the lake, and country on its northern shores. Beneath, on the Savoy side, within the Genevese territory, there are some pleasant spots; but on the northern or altogether Swiss side, facing the sun, the eye rests upon a series of pleasure grounds and villas, spreading uninterruptedly for miles. It is not alone the positive rural beauty of such a scene that delights us, but its association in the mind with peaceful industry and security—the industry which realised wealth to establish these retreats, and the consciousness of security from depredation which a condition of civil tranquillity affords.

Writers differ with respect to the changes which have been effected in the religious condition of the Genevese, and as a transient visitant, I am not able to say which is in the right. The day after our arrival was Sunday, and we had at least an opportunity of seeing how it was kept in comparison with other places we had visited. It did not appear that the estimate formed generally of the religious character of that day differed in any material degree from what is observable in most other parts of the continent. The churches were poorly attended, and mostly by women. Coaches and caleches rattled along the streets with parties sallying out of town; steam-boats departed from the quay loaded with passengers, engaged in a holiday excursion to a place somewhere on the lake, at which there was to be a fête; coffee and billiard rooms, and a number of shops for the sale of light articles, were open; and in one of the streets there were congregated some hundreds of rustic labourers, each with a flail over his shoulder, waiting to hire themselves, as in a market. In the evening all was gaiety and life in the public promenades outside the walls; at the same time we saw nothing like disorder, and as night closed in upon a sultry day, crowds of well-dressed men, women, and children, poured homeward through the gateways, apparently pleased with the recreations in which they had been indulging. What Calvin would have thought of this mode of keeping Sunday, it is not easy to say. That reformer, austere as were his views, protested, I believe, against the idea of transferring the formalities of the Jewish Sabbath into the scheme of Christian ordinances; and therefore the Genevese, as far as harmless recreations are concerned, have perhaps, after all, less departed from the customs of their fathers than one might be inclined to suppose. At the same time, it is tolerably evident that, as in other countries which had been swept and kept possession of by French troops, religion has been reduced to a meagre outline of what it formerly was, and is now little better than a formal arrangement supported by the state. Miss Sedgwick, a late tourist, speaks favourably of the moral qualities of the Genevese, particularly the female part of the community. Conversing with her intelligent friend Madame Sismondi (an Englishwoman), that lady informed her of an institution to which much virtue was to be imputed. "This is the *Société des Dimanches* (the Sunday Society). When a girl attains the age of five years, she is made a member of a *Société des Dimanches*, consisting of the children of her mother's friends. They meet every Sunday afternoon, attended only by a nurse or governess, who does not prescribe their amusements, and only interferes in cases of necessity. The first girl of the community who marries gives her name to the society, and as soon as there is a married woman among them, young men are admitted, on application, by vote of the sisterhood. Their meetings continue through life. Madame Sismondi says this association supplies to the lonely the attachments and aids of a family circle; that if a girl falls into misfor-

tune, she is succoured by her companions; if her father's fortunes are ruined, there is no apparent change in her condition. This institution is confined to the native Genevese; of course Madame S. is excluded, and her favourable opinion is the result of her observation of its effects, and not of an *esprit de corps*. Sismondi is a member of three societies, Decandolle of every one in the place."

The account of these arrangements conveys a favourable idea of the morals and simplicity of manners of the Genevese. Nothing of the kind could exist in our highly artificial state of society. Some persons express a fear that the institutions spoken of will not flourish any length of time in Geneva, where society will gradually get into the condition it is in this country; in other words, that the progress of manufacturing industry will probably split society into two unequal portions—wealthy capitalists on the one hand, and a mass of employed artisans on the other. But though there be a tendency this way, it is more than probable that the universal equality of political privileges will prevent the degradation which is painfully observable in the large towns of Britain. Independently of the chance of benefit on this score, it is fortunate that the working classes of Geneva, among whom many able foreigners are included, are remarkable for a prudent economy and foresight, which will save them from descending low in the scale of existence. Dr Bowring, in his Report, presents some agreeable information on this interesting subject. He mentions that a Savings' Bank in the town is well supported; the number of depositors in 1835, out of a general population of 28,000, being 7279. This would show the extraordinary fact, that every fourth person was a depositor; but it is probable that many belonged to the country. The total deposits amounted to 5,136,171 florins (about £450,000). The working classes also supported a sick-allowance society, an institution useful in its way, but equalled in importance by another, consisting of a union of all classes of operatives for mutual instruction in general literature and science, and the staple arts and manufactures in which they are engaged. Not having the slightest reason for spending time on political grievances, the whole mind is left to be bent on matters of practical and personal concern; and no city in Europe of its size could exhibit a greater amount of artistic labour directed by skill and cultivated taste. The state being in reality the people, holds out every reasonable encouragement to education and social improvement. Although requiring to be lately re-organised to meet popular demands, the cantonal administration of Geneva is allowed to have managed affairs with sound discretion, and at all events kept the canton not only out of debt, but with a surplus revenue to dispose of on public works. According to Bowring, in 1835, when the total population of the canton was 56,655, the annual revenue, on an average of the preceding five years, was 867,000 French francs, showing a surplus over expenditure of 85,000 francs. The chief taxes were light indirect imposts, no way interruptive of a free import trade, with a small personal tax on all householders possessing the elective franchise. Every expense of administration, military defence, police, religious and secular instruction, roads, &c., was liquidated from the above income. Protestant and Catholic clergy are equally stipendiaries of the state: the annual cost of the Protestant church was 62,000; and that of the Catholics 44,000 francs: the highest allowance to a Protestant pastor of Geneva was 2800 francs (£111, 13s. 4d.).

For a number of years the principal trades of Geneva have referred principally to watches, jewellery, and musical boxes. We had scarcely been seated in our hotel, when a letter was handed in from a jeweller (how he got my address, unless from the Post-office, it was impossible to divine), representing how much he would be obliged by an inspection of his stock of *bijouterie*. The ladies, of course, were delighted with the invitation, and I was not disinclined to get some information on this important branch of traffic. What we saw here and elsewhere was beautiful in the extreme, native taste being incessantly spurred on to compete with foreign markets, and maintain the pre-eminence it has reached. The number of master watch-makers is above 300, and of master jewellers and mechanics nearly 200. I shall not here say any thing of the Genevese watches, of which 10,000 are said to be smuggled into England annually, as the subject may be appropriately united with what I saw and learned of the watchmaking business in the canton of Neuchâtel. The manufacture of musical boxes of a delicate kind, is more particularly settled in Geneva, and deservedly commands a most extensive export trade. The art of making these articles has been greatly promoted by attention to the various tones of metal, and education in the science of harmony. Here we have another most pleasing instance of a population, infinitely less favoured in point of situation than the inhabitants of any English or Scotch town, striking out a flourishing handicraft by sheer dint of patience and culture. It would delight any one to see the many exquisitely finished little articles in gold, in value from one to a hundred guineas, fitted up as musical instruments, in the shops of the Genevese jewellers. An object was shown to us resembling a small golden vase on a stand, measuring about six inches in height, which, on being touched at a spring, fell open, and disclosed a bird of elegant

plumage, little larger than a bee, that instantly fluttered its tiny wings, and strained its throat with a most melodious tune. The cost of this elegant article was 2000 francs. It may be asked, Who buys such expensive toys? Twenty thousand strangers, with money in their pockets, pass through the town annually, almost every one carrying off something or other that pleases the fancy. A golden bracelet containing a watch the size of a shilling was among the latest inventions, and it would in all likelihood excite the desires of some of the wealthy lady visitants. But the bulk of the articles is exported for foreign consumption. In France, America, England, and most other countries advanced in civilisation, there are at all times hosts of persons enjoying exuberant opulence, and able to gratify their feelings by making expensive presents of affection; and it is to such that the skilful artists of Geneva look for a patronage of their wares.

THE ROMAN SATIRIST, JUVENAL.

Or the life of this poet but few details have reached us, and these few are confused and uncertain. Unlike his communicative predecessors in the province of satire, Horace and Persius, he seldom indulges the reader with a peep into his private history; and nearly all, in consequence, that is known concerning him, is derived from an extraneous source. Decimus Junius Juvenalis was born at Aquirum, a town in Campania, about A. D. 38. His father, or foster-father, was a wealthy freedman. Being bred to the bar, the passionate energy of his pleadings speedily gained for him a high reputation. At a mature age, he began to assay that species of composition of which he is indisputably the greatest master. His first attempt was directed against an actor named Paris, an unworthy favourite of the profligate Domitian, whom he ventured to describe not only as the patron of dramatic literature, but as the all-potent dispenser of military preferment. The attack was resented by the haughty upstart, who chose facetiously to punish the author of the lampoon by procuring his banishment to Egypt, on pretext of a commission in the army. The poet, however, soon returned to Rome, and continued fearlessly his noble task of reforming the public morals. He expired A. D. 119, at the advanced age of eighty, in a fit of coughing.

Juvenal is said to have been tall in person, and seems throughout his life to have possessed a competence. His mental characteristics are inscribed, with such plainness as to preclude mistake, on every page of his writings. A hater he was of *shams*; an earnest, sturdy antagonist of vice; a rough, plain, truth-speaker; an honest, intrepid, straightforward man.

The satires of Juvenal, of which there are sixteen, containing some three thousand six hundred lines, deserve to be ranked with the most valuable remains of antiquity. The following passage from the first, embodies the author's statement of his subject, and may, perhaps, convey a good idea of his style. The version is our own.

"Dost wish to rise? Dare something that deserves
The dungeon: probity is praised, and starves.*
Men own their mansions in these precious times,
Their gardens, citron tables, to their crimes.
In days like ours, when guilt hath dyed so deep,
Whom will unblushing vice permit to sleep?
Is genius wanting?—rage will rhyme supply
Such as may Cluvienus scrawl, or I.

From that far age, when old Deucalion found
First for his ark undeluged resting-ground,
Whate'er men do or feel, my verse engage!
Their likings, joys, discourages, terrors, rage—
This be the staple of my motley page!

And when was richer crop of crime, or when
Did avarice spread a bolder sail 'mong men?
No more with paltry purse to play they go,
But stake whole fortunes on a single throw.
The rival gamblers glow with martial fire;
Each has his stoward standing by as squire:
The mounted minister of each attends,
And each the sinews of the war he lends.
Besotted idiots! thus a plum to lose,
And yet your shivering slave a common cloak refuse!
Our fathers' generous frugality
No selfish pleasure sought; but now you see
The costly private feast, while clients wait
Clamorous for alms before the patron's gate:
The cautious steward weighs each claim with care,
Lest some impostor smuggle off a share;
Then doles their pittance forth to them that joy
To trace their lordly lineage back to Troy.
For there, to rob the poor—oh! burning shame—
Full oft are seen our men of note and name;
Priests and tribunes with the herd must share,
And, candidates for alms, stand begging there!"

From this passage it appears that one of the chief symptoms of Roman degeneracy was the breaking up of the old connexion between patron and client—a sort of civic claniship which knit together, by a reciprocity of good offices, the upper and lower grades, in the best days of the Commonwealth. Luxury and arbitrary power had rendered the nobles supercilious and selfish—dispositions which proved, in the case of their inferiors, the preludes to servility and discontent. No longer, as in the old time, admitted to the boards of their patrons, the common people were served, like paupers at a soup-kitchen, with a small basket of provisions, or a trifling sum of money in lieu of it, at the gate of the great man. Numbers who could have readily dispensed with this gratuity were

* Compare Maasinger—

"Virtue long ago,
It was but praised and starved; but now-a-days
'Tis far more cold, and has not love nor praise."

found mean enough to claim it; and the pride of independence was too often divorced from the pride of pedigree.

The seventh satire is a severe rebuke of the negligently treatment of poets and preceptors. Our author contrasts, with the paltry compensation awarded to distinguished genius and erudition, the lavish expenditure of the Roman grandees when their own vanity or convenience was to be consulted—

"What! shall they tarry till the sky be clear,
Or splash their mule so sleek? No; rather here—
Here rather let them ride, for here the beast
May keep its hoofs unsullied at the least.
Yet more: on columns of enormous size,
They bid a spacious eating-room arise,
Which fronts the east, wide opening to the day,
Ere yet the sun emit too warm a ray.
Expensive these; but cost what'er they will,
Sewers must be hired, and cooks of taste and skill.
'Midst this extravagance that knows no bounds,
Quintilian gets, and hardly gets, ten pounds
For all his pains: there's no possession, none,
That costs a sire so little as a son."

The mean practice of cheapening school fees, and the drudgery of the ill-starred instructor, are thus happily portrayed. Both sides of the picture might pass for modern. This and the former version are by Gifford.

"Courage, Palemon! be not over nice,
But suffer some abatement in your price;
As those who deal in rags will ask you high,
And sink by pence and halfpence till you buy.
Yes, suffer this! while something's left to pay
Thy rising hours before the break of day,
When e'en the labouring poor their slumbers take,
And not a weaver nor a smith's awake:
While something's left to pay thee for the stench
Of smouldering lamps, thick hung on every bench;
Where rosy vapours Virgil's pages soil,
And Horace looks one blot—all soot and oil:
Even then the salary thus reduced, thus small,
Without a law-suit rarely comes at all."

As a sample of our poet's boldness of invective against wickedness in high places, we next translate a portion of the eighth satire. A full recital of the atrocities and follies of Nero is unnecessary to any one who is moderately read in Roman history. Suffice it to state, that this prodigy of crime put to death his mother Agrippina, his two wives, his brother Britannicus, his aunt, and his preceptor, the illustrious Seneca. Orestes, the Hamlet of ancient tragedy, the poet would therefore deem affronted by being named in the same breath with him. His freaks as a public singer are likewise commented on in a fine strain of indignant irony. In this character the emperor made the tour of Greece, challenging and compelling, wherever he went, an open competition, and using paltry arts to secure the prize—a chaplet of parsley, which no one was at all ambitious to carry off from so dangerous a rival. It was respecting his vocal powers that flattery found him most accessible; and the *divine voice*, as it was called, had actually its shrines and sacrifices. Nero, on his part, spared no pains to improve it; and when we think of his lying for hours together with sheets of lead upon his chest, and swallowing with cheerfulness the most nauseous drugs, to strengthen the organs which were naturally unfit for producing aught but shrill and discordant sounds, we might, were we not heart-sick at the enormities of the tyrant, afford to smile at the oddities of the madman.

"Oh! could the people will who'd hold the sway,
Which would they have—Nero or Seneca?
The sage, or matricide whose hideous vice
To punish, will one ape, snake, sack, suffice?
Will one poor death the monster's guilt atone,
And must so many lives be paid by one?
Orestes-like, a mother's murderer he,
And yet without Orestes' purging plea—
A father's blood avenging by high heaven's decree."

Nor took the Argive sad Electra's life,
Nor callous butcher'd he his Spartan wife;
N'er mix'd he scoundrel, with hellish rage,
For kith and kin; n'er sang upon the stage;
And folly's climax Nero left, who'd fain
Turn bard, and write the Iliad o'er again!
Such are his deeds, the prince, the nobly born!
Who glories, abject! in the public scorn.
Come, fetch thou now thy pious offering;
His Grecian garlands let the victor bring!
Before thy fathers pay thy devious vows,
And bind thy parsley round the Caesar's brow."

An allusion in the preceding verses requires to be explained. By the Roman law, a parricide was condemned to be sewed up in a sack along with an ape, a dog, a serpent, and a cock, and thus cast into the sea. The selection of animals was doubtless significant, though we cannot tell exactly how. Cicero, in a striking though florid passage, considers the main prescription as intimating the general sense of his countrymen that those who had been guilty of such enormities were unworthy, while they yet remained in life, to enjoy its most potent blessings—unworthy to look on the same sun with other men, to touch the same earth, or to breathe the same air.

The tenth satire, which has been imitated by Johnson in his "Vanity of Human Wishes," is, perhaps, morally considered, the noblest production of profane antiquity. The various objects men set their hearts on, irrespective of higher aims, fall successively under review, and the conclusion coincides with that of inspired wisdom—"Vanity of vanities, all is vanity!" We give the extracts from this performance in the fine version of Mr Elton. Martial glory is thus anatomised—

"The spoils of war; a coat of mail, fix'd high
On trophied trunk, in emblem'd victory;

A dangling beaver from its helmet cleft,
A chariot's shiver'd beam; a pendant reft
From boarded galley; and the captive shown
On the triumphal arch in imaged stone:—
Behold the sum of grandeur and of bliss!
Greek, Roman, and barbarian aim at this!
Hence the hot toil and hair-breadth peril cease,
For less the thirst of virtue than of ease,
Who clasp more naked virtue in his arms?
Strip off the tinsel, ah no longer charms.
Yet has the glory of some few great names
Enwrap our country in destroying flames—
This thirst of praise, and chisel'd titles, read
On stones that guard the ashes of the dead."

Alexander the Great is fixed on, along with Hannibal and Xerxes, to illustrate the futility of military fame.

"Lo! Fella's youth was cabin'd, cribb'd, confined
Within one world too narrow for his mind:
Restless he turn'd in feverous discontent,
As if by Yaras' rocks or scant Seriphum pent.
But brick-wall'd Babylon gave ample room;
Content he stretch'd him in a catscomb:
Death, death alone, the conscious truth attests,
What dwarfish frame this swelling soul invests."

The conclusion of the whole matter is thus grandly given:—

"Shall man, then, nothing wish? Advised by me,
Let the good gods themselves consult for thee;
For a sane mind in a sane body pray,
A soul that looks on death without dismay;
That firm prepares the course of life to run,
And thanks kind Nature when the race is done;
A soul that strenuous toils could never tire;
From anger calm; superior to desire;
That rather would the Herculean labours prove,
Than banquets, beds of down, and melting odors of love.
I show thee that which needs not prayer to gain,
Which of thyself thou surely may'st obtain;
The path of tranquil life through virtue lies;
With prudence, thou hast all the deities:
'Tis we, O Fortune! who thy power have given;
Our weak desires have set thy throne in Heaven."

In the next specimen we have a fine exposition of the progress and the tyranny of avarice. As domestic servants in this country have their fixed quantities of sugar, &c., so the Roman slave had his stated allowance of bread-corn, which was dispensed to him monthly; the usual rate was a quart per day. We use Mr Gifford's version.

"Vice boasts its A B C, like other arts:
These he inculcates first; soon imparts
The paltry tricks of saving; last inspires
Of endless wealth the insatiable desires.
Hungry himself, his hungry slaves he cheats,
With scanty measure and unfaithful weights;
And sees them lessen, with apparent dread,
The musty fragments of his vineyard bread.
In dog-days, when the sun, with fervent power,
Corrupts the freshest meat from hour to hour,
He saves the last night's hash; sets by a dish
Of sodden beans, and scraps of summer fish,
And half a stinking shad, and a few strings
Of a chopp'd leek, counted like sacred things.
And seal'd with caution; though the sight and smell
Would a starved beggar from the mess repel.
But why this curst avidity of gain;
This mass collected with such toil and pain—
Since 'tis the veriest madness to live poor,
To die with bags and coffers brimming o'er
Besides, while thus the streams of affluence roll,
They nurse the eternal droopy of the soul;
For thirst of wealth still grows with wealth increased,
And they desire it less who have it least."

The reader has now before him, to some extent, the means of forming his own judgment respecting the merits of Juvenal. In his own province he is unmatched. Combining the characteristic excellences of both his illustrious predecessors—Horace's profound knowledge of human nature with the lofty moral tone of Persius—he gives the "very age and body of the time—its form and pressure," while he shows himself untainted by its wide-spread profligacy. When he addresses himself to the task of laying bare

"All thoughts, all passions, all delights,
Whatever stirs this mortal frame,"

he is not overrating his own acquaintance with the heart. Nor does he show that his science has been too dearly purchased. If he smile at vice, it is with that sardonic expression which proves hatred to predominate over mirth. But it is his wont to launch at once into fierce, earnest, withering invective. He cannot palter with pass and parry, but deals his blows thick and heavy on the head of the foeman: others may have patience to sap, he must be forward to storm. He does not therefore affect those lighter graces, that assiduous polish, those imaginative flights, which often enfeeble while they adorn composition. If we sometimes liken the lyrist to the lark, caroling far away in the joyous sun-blaze, and the bard of elegy to the nightingale, chanting sadly in the shade, we must remember that the satirist is no singing-bird but a creature of prey. We will err egregiously, however, if we conceive of Juvenal as a clumsy or careless writer. Masters of thought, and he is one of them, are wont to be masters of language; and we find, accordingly, in his works, a diction uniformly masculine and correct, and often exquisitely delicate. His vindication from the charge of occasionally pandering, by the freedom of his descriptions, to the cravings of a prurient fancy, will be best effected in the words of Mr Gifford. "I should resign him in silence," says he, "to the hatred of mankind, if his aim, like that of too many others, whose works are read with delight, had been to render vice amiable, to fling his seducing colours over impurity, and inflame the passions by metereic hints at what is only innocuous when

exposed in native deformity; but when I find that his views are to render depravity loathsome, that every thing which can alarm or disgust is directed at her in his terrible page, I forget the grossness of the execution in the excellence of the design, and pay my involuntary homage to that integrity which, fearlessly calling in strong description to the aid of virtue, attempts to purify the passions at the hazard of wounding our delicacy and offending our taste." Juvenal, in short, felt strongly, and spoke as he felt; and of all his country's poets, to his honour be it said, it is he, beyond all question, who is most grandly Roman.

ADVENTURE OF A TRAVELLER.

IN the year 1836, as a young surgeon of Florence, called Alberto Riquetti, was returning at a late hour to his own house, he stumbled over the body of a person who was lying near his door, and crying feebly for help. Ever anxious to succour the distressed, Riquetti, with the assistance of his servant, lifted the stranger into his surgery, where he dressed several very dangerous wounds which he found about his person; and then, as the night was too far advanced to carry him any where else, he put him to bed.

On the following morning he found the patient so ill, that he entertained very little hopes of his recovery; and as to remove him would have been indisputably fatal, he allowed him to remain where he was. On the second day he was so bad that Riquetti doubted his surviving four-and-twenty hours longer; and having acquainted him with his situation, he proceeded to inquire his name and station, and sought to ascertain if he had any friends or relations whom he would desire to see, or to whom, should his death ensue, he would wish the event to be communicated. The man answered that, with respect to his name, he was called Gasparo; but for the rest, he requested that a confessor might be sent for, to whom he would make known whatever was necessary.

This desire was complied with, and what passed between the patient and the priest, of course, remained unknown. But when the holy man came forth of the stranger's chamber, his whole demeanour denoted awe and terror; his cheeks and lips were bloodless; his hands trembled; and ever and anon he lifted them up to heaven, as if praying for the soul of a great sinner. The only words he uttered were, to desire that, when the man he had confessed was dead, he should be immediately informed.

However, Gasparo did not die. He was in the prime of life; and a good constitution, and the constant care of the surgeon, saved him. As soon as he was well enough to walk away, he left his benefactor's house, expressing the most ardent gratitude for Riquetti's kindness, and calling down blessings on his head for the persevering skill and care which had rescued him from the grave; but he went as he came, unknown; no word had he ever dropped that threw the slightest ray of light on his past history or future whereabouts, and in the memory of the young surgeon he lived only as *Gasparo, the wounded stranger*.

In the winter of 1839, Alberto Riquetti was seized with an indisposition, for which, as it had been chiefly induced by too much application to his business, a little recreation was pronounced the best remedy. So with this view he resolved on an excursion to Rome, where he promised himself much pleasure in inspecting the antiquities, more especially the ancient Etruscan tombs, which had lately excited so much interest amongst the learned, and most of which were within a short distance of the city.

For the sake of those who may yet be unacquainted with the history of these curious relics, it may be as well to mention, that the Etrurians were a celebrated people of Italy, anterior to the Romans, and occupying the country west of the Tiber. The extent of territory which they possessed, though not great, was nevertheless divided into twelve different states, each of which was governed by its respective king, or, as they called him, *lucumon*; and in spite of the diminutive space they occupied on the globe, they were, relatively to their neighbours, a very powerful people, wealthy, luxurious, and refined. The taste and proficiency they had attained in the fine arts, as well as much of their manners, customs, and modes of living, have been placed before us in a very extraordinary manner by the discovery of the ancient tombs above alluded to, which are, in fact, small chambers hollowed out of the sides of hills, and which appear to have been the resting-places prepared for the mortal remains of the wealthy and the noble. Although the bodies which reposed in these ancient receptacles have long mouldered into dust, and although the Etrurians, with their kingdoms and their principalities, powers, wars, councils, commerce, luxuries, virtues, superstitions, and vices, have long passed from the earth, and some faint records only remain to tell us of their greatness, yet from their tombs they speak to us again; here, in their "very habits as they lived," they lift up their voices and cry to us, "Behold! thus did we three thousand years ago!"—for the paintings on the walls of these excavations show us this ancient people in almost every condition of life. We see them at their banquets and their diversions, at their marriages and their funerals, engaged in their athletic games, dancing, playing on various instruments, and

even on their deathbeds. Various curious and valuable specimens of their ornaments, vases, and armour, have also been found in these dwellings of the dead, as well as the sarcophagi in which the body had been deposited. The Etrurians were the most powerful and resolute enemies the rising empire of the Romans had to contend with, and were not conquered till after long wars and much effusion of blood and treasure had exhausted their strength.

Having given this little sketch of one of the most interesting specimens of antiquity in Italy, we will now return to our hero.

It was on a fine morning of the early spring that Alberto Riquetti started on his expedition to the Etruscan tombs, the first visit he proposed being to the necropolis of the ancient city of Veii—a city, by the way, which it cost the Romans many a hard battle to win, and which, after holding out a siege of ten years, was at length taken by their famous general, Camillus, about four hundred years before the Christian era.

Veii, or rather the spot where Veii once stood, is situated about twelve miles from Rome, on one of the roads to Florence. For the first nine or ten miles the way lies along the high road, but, at a village called Fossa, it diverges, and for about two miles more leads across some fields, till it terminates at a place called the Isola Farnese, where there is an inn at which travellers put up, and where, although the site of Veii is two miles further still, they are obliged to leave their horses and carriages, as beyond this point there is no practicable road.

The Isola Farnese is a quiet little hamlet, situated on a rising ground, surrounded by cliffs, and streams, and picturesque rocks, and murmuring waterfalls, adorned by a pretty inn and an ancient and venerable fortress. The inhabitants, who are all shepherds and vine-dressers, are extremely civil to travellers, and have an air of innocence and rural simplicity that, to a frequenter of cities like Alberto Riquetti, was quite irresistible.

"Here," thought he, "must the crimes, and vices, and miseries of a great city be unknown, and probably unsuspected. How few of the dwellers in this little Eden have ever extended their travels even as far as Rome! Their vices and their flocks are enough for them. Above want and below ambition, their minds must be pure and their lives happy. It is quite a subject for a poet."

The innkeeper, too, was the most civil and obsequious of innkeepers—quite a pattern of an innkeeper; and Alberto Riquetti was so charmed and fascinated by all he saw, that he resolved to make the Isola Farnese his head quarters, and thence extend his excursions to the different objects of curiosity around.

As the first day was to be devoted to the necropolis of Veii, after refreshing himself with a crust of bread and a glass of wine, he asked for a guide, who, being immediately presented to him, he set forth on his expedition, having informed his host that, as he should be occupied all day in sight-seeing, he should not care to have any dinner, but that he wished a good supper to be provided against his return at night—a request which the worthy Boniface assured him should be strictly attended to. "Indeed," he said, "he was generally in the habit of acting as cook himself, and he thought he might venture to promise his guest a ragout, the like of which he had never tasted—he was particularly famous for his ragouts; indeed," added he, "most travellers who eat them find them so good, that they are never inclined to taste another."

"Except of your making, I suppose!" said Riquetti, smiling.

"Of course—that's understood," answered the host. "A tolerably concocted fellow," thought our traveller, as he followed his guide in the direction of Veii. The guide seemed to be of the same opinion, for he chuckled and laughed, and appeared greatly diverted with this explosion of the host's self-love.

"I suppose you have a good many travellers here?" said Riquetti.

"Not in the winter," answered the man; "you are the first we have seen for this long time. You come from Florence?"

"Yes, I do," replied Riquetti. "How did you know that?"

"I happened to hear the postilion that drove you tell the innkeeper so, and that you were making a tour for your health."

"That's true, too," said Riquetti, rather wondering how the postilion, whom he had never seen before, should have learnt so much about him.

"It's dull travelling alone," continued the man; "particularly when a person's sick and out of health; but perhaps you are a bachelor, and have nobody to look much after you?"

"I am a bachelor, certainly," said Riquetti, rather amused at the curiosity the man was exhibiting. "Unsophisticated nature," thought he, "savages, and uncivilised people, are always inquisitive;" so, without taking offence at the interrogations, he answered as many as the guide chose to put to him.

In the meantime they advanced slowly on the road to Veii, stopping ever and anon to inspect the different points of view, and examine every thing that appeared to present a vestige of antiquity; when, in rounding a point of rock, they came suddenly upon a little hovel, before the door of which stood a man scraping and tying up in bundles the sticks which, at another period of the year, are used for training the

vines. At the sound of the approaching footsteps the man lifted up his head, and as his eye fell upon the surgeon, he started visibly, and an expression of surprise passed over his countenance. He even parted his lips, as if, upon the impulse of the moment, he was about to speak; but suddenly closing them again, after giving one look at the traveller, he stooped forward, and silently resumed his previous attitude and occupation; whilst Riquetti, who had cast but a passing glance at the man, and who attributed his surprise to the suddenness of their appearance, walked on, and thought no more of the matter.

It was drawing towards the afternoon, and our traveller had already spent some hours amongst the tombs, when, on emerging from one of them, he observed the same man sitting on the ground, near the entrance. He seemed to have wounded his foot, and was stanching the blood with a handkerchief. The guide approached him, and asked him what was the matter. "I hurt my foot yesterday," said he; "and being obliged to walk thus far to speak to old Giuseppe, the exercise has set it bleeding again," saying which he bound the handkerchief round his foot and arose. As he spoke, there was something in the voice and the play of the features that struck Riquetti as familiar to him; and that this approach to recognition was legible in his own face, was evident, for the man instantly frowned, and turned away his head. He, however, seemed inclined to join the party, or at least his way lay in the same direction; for he kept near them, lingering rather behind, as if his lameness impeded his activity. Presently, at a moment when the guide was a few yards in advance, and Riquetti between the two, he felt himself slightly touched upon the back, and on looking round he beheld the vine-dresser with the forefinger of one hand placed upon his lip, as if to enjoin silence, whilst in the other he held a piece of linen stained with blood, which he stretched out towards the traveller, shaking his head the while, and frowning in a manner that Riquetti was at a loss to understand, and which, as the injunction to silence was perfectly intelligible, he forbore to ask. His curiosity, however, being vividly awakened, and indeed his fears somewhat aroused, for he thought the gestures of the man seemed designed as a warning against some danger that awaited himself, he endeavoured to keep as near him as he could; whilst he kept his eye pretty constantly fixed upon his guide, whom he imagined must be the enemy he was admonished to distrust. He inquired who he was.

"That is Gasparo, the vine-dresser," was the answer.

Thus no doubt remained; but with the conviction that it was Gasparo came also the conviction that the warning had been well intended, and that the danger was real. But it was not easy to know what to do. He was two miles from the inn, in a lonely place, and the evening was drawing on; there was barely light enough to enable them to see their way back to the Isola Farnese. He saw nobody near him but his guide; but he had himself no weapon, whilst the other might be armed; besides, there might be enemies in ambush that he was not aware of. However, there was nothing to do but to return to the inn as fast as he could, and this he did, taking care to keep the guide in advance of him all the way; and to his surprise he arrived there without any alarm, or without perceiving any thing in the conduct of his companion that could have excited the slightest suspicion.

"Surely," thought he, "I must have mistaken Gasparo's intentions; he must have meant to intreat my silence with respect to himself; and the bloody cloth was for the purpose of recalling to my memory his wounds, and the circumstances under which we formerly met. He is probably, for some reason or other, afraid of being identified. This must be the true interpretation of his gestures. It would be absurd to suppose I can have any thing to fear amongst this virtuous unsophisticated people."

Comforted by this conviction, and resolved, in compliance with Gasparo's wishes, to ask no questions about him, Riquetti, having called for his supper and a bottle of wine, set himself with a good appetite to his fare. The first dish consisted of some fresh-water fish, of which he partook sparingly, reserving his appetite for the ragout, of whose merits the landlord had so confidently spoken. The odour it emitted when the cover was lifted appeared to confirm his predictions; the aroma was very savoury indeed.

"I think," said he to the host, who had placed the dish upon the table—and, as he spoke, he helped himself to an ample portion of the stew—"I think this ragout of yours seems worthy of a bottle of better wine. Have you any good Bordeaux or Florence?"

"I have no Bordeaux," answered the host, "but I have some good Florence in flasks, if you like that."

"Bring me some," said Riquetti, and the host left the room.

No sooner had the door closed upon him, than the movements of the surgeon would have extremely puzzled a spectator. Instead of conveying the savoury mess from his plate to his mouth, as might naturally have been expected, he conveyed it with inconceivable speed to his pocket-handkerchief, which, with equal celerity, he deposited in his pocket, so that, by the time the host returned, the plate was empty. "That is a capital ragout of yours—excellent, indeed!" said he, as he poured out a tumbler of the wine, and tossed

it off. A suspicious eye might perhaps have observed that his cheeks and lips were blanched, and that his hand was unsteady; but the wine brought back the blood to his face, and the host perceived nothing extraordinary. The ragout being removed, some bread and cheese were next produced, of which he slightly partook, and then the table was cleared, and the host retired. As soon as he was gone, Riquetti, having set a chair against the door, to prevent his being too abruptly disturbed, took out his handkerchief, and very closely examined its contents, after which he restored the whole to his pocket, and began pacing the small room from end to end, with a countenance in which anxiety and apprehension were visibly depicted. He looked at the window, and appeared to be deliberating on the propriety of getting out of it. The thing was practicable enough; "but then," murmured he, "I could not find my way to Fossa; I should not know which way to turn;" for, as we have observed, it was yet but the early season of the year, and it had already been long dark. "Besides," added he, "who knows whether it would be safe to address myself to any one there, stranger as I am; it might be running from Scylla to Charybdis. Gasparo! Gasparo! where art thou?" These were but thoughts scarcely formed into words, and yet they seemed to be answered, for at that moment his attention was roused by two slight taps on the window. There was nothing before it but a calico curtain; this he drew aside, and then, on the taps being repeated, he gently lifted the sash.

"Go to your bed-room as soon as you can," said a hurried voice; "put out your light, and when you hear the signal, open your window, and, as quietly as you can, descend a ladder you'll find ready for you;" and the speaker, whom the light in the room showed to be Gasparo, turned quickly away, adding, "Shut down the window; be silent and cautious!" "Bravo, Gasparo!" whispered the surgeon to himself, as he obeyed his injunctions by closing the window and replacing the curtain—"Bravo! If you're a villain, you're a grateful one, at all events."

Having removed the chair from the door, and seated himself in an attitude of great ease and nonchalance, he drew a book from his pocket, which he placed before him, and then he rang the bell, and ordered some coffee; "and then," said he to the host, "I shall be glad to have my bed got ready, for I am tired with my day's work, and I mean to be off early in the morning."

The coffee was accordingly brought and drank, and then Riquetti requested to be shown to his bed-room, which proved to be a small apartment up one pair of stairs. As he expected, there was no fastening to the door of any sort; so having placed the dressing-table before it, and inspected the place all round, not forgetting to look under the bed, he took his portmanteau under his arm, put out his light, and with a beating heart sat down to await the promised signal.

He did not wait long. In less than half an hour, a few small pebbles, thrown against the window, summoned him to open it. He could not see the ladder, but he felt it, and stepping out, he carefully descended. As soon as his foot touched the ground, Gasparo, who was there to receive him, took him by the hand, and whispering, "Now, run for your life!" he dragged him forwards; and leading him up hill and down hill, across fields, over hedges and ditches, and through the water, without ever pausing to take breath or to utter a word, he at length, after some hours' flight, suddenly stopped, and Riquetti perceived that they were on the high road. "Now," said Gasparo, "you are within half an hour's walk of the city—you are safe—farewell, and God speed you! I have paid my debt!" And with that he turned, and walked hastily away; and though Riquetti called after him, and begged him to stay and speak to him for a moment, he never so much as turned his head, but departing as rapidly as he could, was soon out of sight.

The surgeon looked after him as long as he could see him, for it was now the dawn of day; and when he could see him no longer, having breathed a prayer for his preserver, with a grateful heart he took his way to Rome, where, before ever seeking the rest and refreshment he so much needed, he requested an interview with the chief officer of the police.

"I have," he said, "most important communications to make; but before I say a word, you must obtain for me a promise, that, whatever discoveries may ensue from my disclosures, the life of one individual shall be spared. He has saved mine, and I cannot endanger his."

This condition being acceded to by the government, Riquetti proceeded to detail his adventures, and to display the contents of his handkerchief; and the consequence of his communication was, that these innocent, virtuous, obliging, and unsophisticated vine-dressers and shepherds were proved, on investigation, to be leagued banditti, of whom the innkeeper was the chief. In the month of March 1839, no fewer than forty of them were brought to Rome and condemned to death or other punishments, according to the amount of crime proved against them. The worthy host, so celebrated for his excellent ragouts, expiated his enormities on the scaffold. Besides the evidence of the surgeon, many circumstances combined to show, that, when short of provisions, he had been in the habit of supplying the deficiency by compounding his dishes of human flesh. Riquetti's apprehensions had been awakened by recognising on his plate part of a hand, which circumstance

furnished the interpretation to Gasparo's warning gestures, and opened his eyes to the danger of his situation. These wretches admitted that they never attacked the English, as the investigations that would have been set on foot by their countrymen, had any of them been missing, would infallibly have led to a discovery of their iniquitous proceedings. It was some satisfaction to the surgeon that Gasparo was not found amongst the troop; he had not been seen at the Isola Farnese since the night they had fled together.

It appears wonderful that within so late a period, and within twelve or fourteen miles of a great city, such a villainous combination could have subsisted; in England, such a nest of scoundrels would be exposed and extirpated in a month.

DOG PERFORMANCES.

A SERIES of instances of the educability of animals, which appeared in a previous number of the Journal, has awakened the recollection of a friend respecting an exhibition that excited no small astonishment, and afforded great satisfaction to the admirers of canine sagacity.

About fifty years ago, a Frenchman brought to London from eighty to a hundred dogs, chiefly poodles, the remainder spaniels, but all nearly of the same size and of the smaller kind. On the education of these animals their proprietor had bestowed an immense deal of pains. From puppyhood upwards, they had been taught to walk on their hind legs, and maintain their footing with surprising ease in that unnatural position. They had likewise been drilled into the best possible behaviour towards each other; no snarling, barking, or indecorous conduct, took place when they were assembled in company. But what was most surprising of all, they were able to perform in various theatrical pieces of the character of pantomimes, representing various transactions in heroic and familiar life with wonderful fidelity. The object of their proprietor was, of course, to make money by their performances, which the public was accordingly invited to witness in one of the minor theatres.

Amongst their histrionic performances was the representation of a siege. On the rising of the curtain, there appeared three ranges of ramparts, one above the other, having salient angles and a moat, like a regularly constructed fortification. In the centre of the fortress arose a tower, on which a flag was flying; while in the distance behind appeared the buildings and steeples of a town. The ramparts were guarded by soldiers in uniform, each armed with a musket or sword, of an appropriate size. All these were dogs, and their duty was to defend the walls from an attacking party, consisting also of dogs, whose movements now commenced the operations of the siege. In the foreground of the stage were some rude buildings and irregular surfaces, from among which there issued a reconnoitring party; the chief, habited as an officer of rank, with great circumspection surveyed the fortification; and his sedate movements, and his consultations with the troops that accompanied him, implied that an attack was determined upon. But these consultations did not pass unobserved by the defenders of the garrison. The party was noticed by a sentinel, and fired upon; and this seemed to be the signal to call every man to his post at the embrasures.

Shortly after, the troops advanced to the escalade; but to cross the moat, and get at the bottom of the walls, it was necessary to bring up some species of pontoon, and accordingly several soldiers were seen engaged in pushing before them wicker-work scaffolds, which moved on castors towards the fortifications. The drums beat to arms, and the fearful bustle of warfare opened in earnest. Smoke was poured out in volleys from shot-holes; the besieging forces pushed forward in masses, regardless of the fire; the moat was filled with the crowd; and amid much confusion and scrambling, scaling ladders were raised against the walls. Then was the grand tug of war. The leaders of the forlorn hope who first ascended, were opposed with great gallantry by the defenders; and this was perhaps the most interesting part of the exhibition. The chief of the assailants did wonders; he was seen now here, now there, animating his men, and was twice hurled, with ladder and followers, from the second gradation of ramparts; but he was invulnerable, and seemed to receive an accession of courage on every fresh repulse. The scene became of an exciting nature. The rattle of the miniature cannon, the roll of the drums, the sound of trumpets, and the heroism of the actors on both sides, imparted an idea of reality, that for the moment made the spectator forget that he was looking on a performance of dogs. Not a bark was heard in the struggle.

After numerous hairbreadth escapes, the chief surmounted the third line of fortifications, followed by his troops; the enemy's standard was hurled down, and the British flag hoisted in its place; the ramparts were manned by the conquerors; and the smoke cleared away—to the tune of "God Save the King."

It is impossible to convey a just idea of this performance, which altogether reflected great credit on

its contriver, as also on the abilities of each individual dog. We must conclude, that the firing from the embrasures, and some other parts of the mechanic, were effected by human agency; but the actions of the dogs were clearly their own, and showed what could be effected with animals by dint of patient culture. By proficient in the military art, the performance was allowed to be as perfectly in conformity with the science of war as it was animated in appearance, and wonderful as an example of the intelligence of the lower animals.

Another specimen of these canine theatricals was quite a contrast to the bustle of the siege. The scene was an assembly room, on the sides and the farther end of which seats were placed; while a music gallery, and a profusion of chandeliers, gave a richness and truth to the general effect. Livery servants were in attendance on a few of the company, who entered and took their seats. Frequent knockings now occurred at the door, followed by the entrance of parties attired in the fashion of the period. These were, of course, the same individuals who had recently been in the deadly breach; but now all was tranquillity, elegance, and ease. Parties were formally introduced to each other with an appearance of the greatest decorum, though sometimes a young dog would show a slight disposition to break through restraint, but only to the increased amusement of the beholders. Some of the dogs that represented ladies, were dressed in silks, gauzes, laces, and gay, tasteful ribbons. Some wore artificial flowers, with the flowing ringlets of youth; others wore the powdered and pomatumed head-dress of riper years, with caps and lappets; in ludicrous contrast to the features of the animals. Doubtless, the whole had been the result of judicious study and correct arrangement, for the most animated were habited as the most youthful. The animals which represented gentlemen were judiciously equipped; some as youthful and others as aged beaux, regulated by their degrees of proficiency, since those most youthfully dressed were most attentive to the ladies. The frequent bow, and return of curtsy, produced great mirth in the audience; but when the noses of the animals neared each other, it produced a shriek of delight from the youthful spectators. On a sudden, the master of the ceremonies appeared. No doubt he was the chief in the battle fray. He was now an elegant fellow, full of animation; he wore a superb court-dress, and his manners were in agreement with his costume. He approached many of the visitors: to some of the gentlemen he gave merely a look of recognition; to the ladies he was generally attentive; to some he projected his paw familiarly; to others he bowed with respect; and introduced one to another with an air of elegance that surprised and delighted the spectators. There was a general feeling of astonishment at some of the nicer features of the scene, as at the various degrees of intimacy which individuals expressed by their nods and bows of recognition. Some considered the exhibition too much a burlesque of human life to be pleasing; but these were greatly outnumbered by those of a different opinion.

As the performance advanced, the interest increased. A little music was heard as from the gallery, but it was soon interrupted by a loud knocking, which announced the arrival of some important visitor, and expectation was raised; several livery-servants entered, and then a sedan-chair was borne in by appropriately dressed dogs; they removed the poles, raised the head, and opened the door of the sedan; forth came a lady, splendidly attired in spangled satin and jewels, and her head decorated with a plume of ostrich feathers! She made a great impression, and appeared as if conscious of her superior attraction; meanwhile, the chair was removed, the master of the ceremonies, in his court-dress, was in readiness to receive the *elegante*, the bow and curtsy were admirably interchanged, and an air of elegance pervaded the deportment of both.

The court of Lilliput was presented to the imaginations of many who witnessed the scene. It was well lighted; there was a diffusion of brilliancy and courtly splendour well calculated to heighten the illusion, and it was impossible to withhold expressions of gratification at the total surrender of all canine propensities on the part of the performers; they appeared absorbed in the execution of their various parts, and all they did was so far beyond expectation, that applause was loud and frequent. It is remarkable that the animals appeared not unconscious of the admiration which these plaudits expressed. The band now struck up an air of the kind to which ball-room companies are accustomed to promenade, and the company immediately quitted their seats and began to walk ceremoniously in pairs round the room. Three of the ladies placed their arms under those of their attendant gentlemen. On seats being resumed, the master of the ceremonies and the lady who came in the sedan-chair arose; he led her to the centre of the room; Foote's minuet struck up; the pair commenced the movements with an attention to time; they performed the crossings and turnings, the advancing, retreating, and obeisances, during which there was a perfect silence, and they concluded amid thunders of applause.

There were other performances of a domestic nature, the simplicity of which was not so well adapted to the talents of these animals as seeking reputation in the cannon's mouth, or in the refinements of an assembly room. What ultimately became of the ingenious manager with his company, our informant never heard; in time his exhibitions were superseded

by fresh novelties, and perhaps he returned to his own country, we hope with some tangible proof of John Bull's generosity.

NOTES OF A RESIDENCE IN THE BUSH.

BY A LADY.

INTRODUCTION.—GOING TO SETTLEMENT.

[THE wilds of Australia present at this time some strange scenes. Persons of all characters, and every variety of previous habits, are there planting themselves as sheep farmers, each family being generally placed in some rude hut in the centre of its "run" or sheep-walk, rarely at less than five miles' distance from another. Thus transferred all at once from parlor life in this country, perhaps from some learned or elegant profession, into a primeval solitude, and left to their own resources, a change of life and occupation is induced such as we have no experience of in civilised climes. Young men who once figured here in quadrille parties, are there seen driving cars and drays, or milking cows; while ladies, who once presided over a refined hospitality in some better part of a British city, are, in "the bush," fain to cook victuals for their husband and his shepherds. Occasional adventures with the savage aborigines streak the homeliness of the picture with something like the hues of romance. But all is not hardship and vexation. Labour and exposure in that country are attended with an excitement which prevents any thing like low spirits, and, joined to the fine climate, tend to keep up a tone of health which few in civilised life ever enjoy. Then there is no eye of fashionable neighbour to look pityingly or quizzingly on the mean details of the mud-house and the life which passes within it. Above all, the star of hope is present, instructing how to bear with the present for the sake of the future. It is readily to be supposed that a picture of this strange kind of life, drawn on the spot, must possess some interest, and such we have now to introduce to the notice of our readers. A married pair of our acquaintance, in the bloom of life, emigrated four years ago to Australia, taking with them their infant daughter, a shepherd, his wife, and a female servant. They were accompanied by two brothers of the lady, who were associated with the husband in his proposed new course of life. They were upwards of two years upon a "run" in the inland parts of the Port Philip settlement, where they realised, without mitigation of any kind, the whole hardships, difficulties, and troubles, and also the whole of the pleasures, of bush life. The lady lately returned to her native country, and has communicated to us a journal, in which we find a remarkably interesting account of this wild kind of existence. In presenting some portions of it to our readers, we only deem it necessary to remark, that the name is, for obvious reasons, fictitious; and that, from our recollections of the amiable writer, we could scarcely suppose any one of her sex less prepared by education and habits for bush life, than she must have been at the time when her husband emigrated.]

The family arrived at Hobart Town in October 1838, and her husband and brother soon after proceeded to Port Philip, in order to secure a sheep walk. They obtained one which was considered of a highly advantageous nature, except that it was a hundred and twenty miles back from the settlement. Meanwhile, at a farm near Launceston, Mrs Thomson gained some insight into dairy management and other branches of rural economy. Having purchased at Launceston a dray and bullocks, also some horses, goats, pigs, geese, ducks, hens, rabbits, tubs, buckets, and a number of small tin utensils of various kinds, together with some flour and other provisions, they sailed for Port Philip, which they were eleven days in reaching. It is pleasant to hear of neighbourly kindnesses exercised in that remote part of the world. Mrs Thomson mentions that, at her departure from Launceston, she had presents of poultry from various persons; and one lady, whom she had only seen once, made her several large jars of preserves. While lying off George Town, a lady, hearing that one of her own sex with a young child was on board, sent her a box of eggs for the child—a very useful present. "I was fortunate," says Mrs T., "in meeting with kind friends wherever I went." It may here be mentioned, that Mrs T. left her female servant at Hobart Town, so that the only female now with her was the shepherd's wife.]

We landed [January 1839] at Point Henry, about eight miles from Corio, which is intended to be a town some future day. I did not go on shore the first day, as my husband, as soon as possible, got the mare and bullocks landed, which he took to Mr Fisher's station, near Geelong. The poor bullocks looked miserably thin, but the mare looked very well, and we were glad they were alive. It took a long time to land all the stock in the vessel. Some of the bullocks made a great noise, but no wonder; they were all down in the hold during the voyage, and when about to be

landed, a broad belt was passed round their body, and they were hoisted up high in the air by a pulley, so as to clear the vessel. They were then lowered into the water near a small boat, in which some men were waiting to catch the animal by the horns, and the others rowed quickly to shore, singing as they went. The poor sheep were not so troublesome; they were just thrown overboard, and allowed to make the best of their way to shore. While my husband was away with the large animals, I remained to look after the small stock. Next morning he came back to the vessel, and my brother James with him, also Mr Yuille, who had left home only a few months before us; but, indeed, I scarcely recognised him, he was such a strange figure. He had allowed his beard to grow to a great length; he wore very rough-looking clothes, and a broad black leather belt round his waist, with a brace of pistols stuck in it. I afterwards found out that the settlers pride themselves in dressing and looking as rough as possible. Our vessel could not get nearer the land than a quarter of a mile, consequently we went out in a small boat; but even in that we could not get near the shore, on account of the water being so shallow. I was carried out by my husband, and all our goods had to be brought ashore in the same way; but every one helped, and we seemed rather to like the ploy.

When landed, we looked like a party thrown on a desert island, the shore was so barren, and not a trace of human habitation to be seen, or any of the works of man. All was in a state of nature; and I kept looking round, expecting every moment to see some of the dreaded savages rushing upon us. I did not feel comfortable on account of the natives, I had heard such accounts of them in Van Diemen's Land.

When all our luggage and animals were landed, we began to pack our own, and Messrs Donald and Hamilton's dray; this took us a long time. The Messrs Baillie were also with us with their drays, so we made up a strong party. When all were ready to start, I got into a spring cart which Mr Thomson had borrowed from Mr Fisher for me; but indeed my share of it was very small. It was already so well filled that I could scarcely find a seat. Our shepherd's wife, who was no light weight, took up more than her share of the seat; she carried Agnes (the infant) on her knee. I took possession of the other seat. At my feet were four little dogs of Mr Baillie's, also three cats, some cocks and hens, and a pair of rabbits; at our back were three pigs, and some geese and ducks. We were a noisy party, for at times our road was very rough, and some of our animals were rather inclined to be quarrelsome. The spring cart went first, then came the five drays, and all the gentlemen walking alongside, with the dogs running beside them. Most of the gentlemen had either pistols at their sides or a gun in their hands. Little Nanny followed behind, accompanied by old Billy, who had a wonderfully long beard. The country seemed very scrubby and barren, and the trees so dark and ugly, that I was disappointed in the appearance of them. I expected to see beautiful large trees, but I saw none to compare with the trees of my own country. My husband told me to have patience till I went further up the country; but, after being three years in it, I am still of the same opinion.

We got to Mrs Fisher's about seven o'clock; she received us very cordially. We found tea awaiting us, and I there tasted damper for the first time. I liked it very much; it is like bread, but closer and heavier. I said to Mrs Fisher that she must think we had taken a great liberty in coming in such force upon her; but she did not at all seem to think so. She said she was quite accustomed to have many gentlemen visitors, but she never had had a lady before. I could not at all fancy how she would manage in regard to giving us beds; however, she soon disposed of us very easily. A bed was made up for me, little Agnes and her maid, on the parlour floor, and all the gentlemen were sent to the wool-shed, to sleep as they best could: fifteen slept in it that night. A few of them had blankets or rugs, but most of them had nothing.

In the morning, I asked my husband how he had slept; he said, never better. We remained a week here. Next day we saw some of the natives; they are very ugly and dirty. Some of them were skins sewed together and thrown over their shoulders; a few had some old clothes given them by the settlers; and some were naked. They kept peeping in at the windows to see us, and were always hanging about the huts. Mrs Fisher called them *civilised* natives, and said they were always about the place. One day I went out to walk with little Agnes in the bush. I was keeping a good look-out for snakes, and was just stepping over what I fancied, by a slight glance, to be a burnt log of wood, but a second look showed me my mistake; it was a native lying on the grass, grinning in my face with his large white teeth. I was rather afraid, but he looked very good-tempered, and laughed. He seemed too lazy to move, so I gave him a nod, and walked on, well pleased he did not think it necessary to accompany me home. My servant Mary was very much afraid of the natives. She would scarcely move out of the hut, and was always crying and wishing herself at home. She said she was determined to make her husband send her home with the first money he made. She wondered why I did not think as she did. She would take comfort from no one, and was quite sure she would be killed by the wild natives when she got up the country.

The township of Geelong consisted of three buildings, all of them stores, where every thing was sold at a most extravagant profit. On Sunday, we went to church in Mr Fisher's wool-shed, and had a sermon from a Wesleyan missionary. His wife commenced the psalm tunes.

We had fixed to begin our journey up the country, and the gentlemen had gone to Geelong to load the drays. I waited for them in Mr Fisher's hut, when in a moment it got quite dark, and the wind roared most tremendously. It was the most awful sight I ever witnessed; we were afraid to move. The storm passed over in about ten minutes, but many a tree had been torn up by the roots during that time. When the gentlemen came with the drays, they were so covered with dust, that I could scarcely tell one from the other. Some of them had been knocked down by the tornado, and one of the drays blown over. It was now too late for us to begin our journey, so we remained another night at Mr Fisher's, and started early in the morning. On this occasion, we had much difficulty in getting the horses to start; they were ill broken in, and many times they stopped on the road, so that we had often to take some of the bullocks out of the other drays to pull them on again. We travelled the first day thirty miles, quartering for the night at Mr Sutherland's hut, which he kindly gave up for our accommodation. Next day we had to rest the bullocks, so we walked over to Mr Russell's station, about three miles distant, and remained there a night. In the evening we went to see a meeting of the natives, or a *coroberry*, as they call it. About a hundred natives were assembled. They had about twenty large fires lighted, around which were seated the women and children. The men had painted themselves, according to their own fancy, with red and white earth. They had bones, and bits of stones, and emu's feathers, tied on their hair, and branches of trees tied on their ankles, which made a rushing noise when they danced. Their appearance was very wild, and, when they danced, their gestures and attitudes were equally so. One old man stood before the dancers, and kept repeating some words very fast in a kind of time, whilst he beat together two sticks. The women never dance; their employment is to keep the fires burning bright, and some of them were beating sticks, and declaiming in concert with the old man. The natives, when done with their coroberry, were very anxious that we white people would show them how we coroberied; so we persuaded Mr Yuille to dance for them, which he did, and also recited a piece of poetry, using a great many gestures. The natives watched him most attentively, and seemed highly pleased. After giving the natives some white money, and bidding them good night, we returned to Mr Russell's hut.

Next morning our bullocks were lost—a very common occurrence, it being impossible to tie them, as in that case they would not feed; and unless one has a very good bullock-driver who will watch them, it generally takes several hours to find them in the morning. Numbers of natives came this forenoon to see us; they examined my dress very attentively, and asked the name of every thing, which they tried to repeat after me. They were much amused with my little Agnes, and she was as much pleased with them. I wondered what her grandmamma would have thought, could she have seen her in the midst of a group of savages, and the life of the party. Whenever Agnes spoke, they all laughed loud, and tried to imitate her voice; and the *pickinanny lubra's* dress was well examined. I put a little nightcap on a native baby, with which its mother was much pleased, and many a little black head was thrust out for one also.

I now began to be a little disgusted and astonished at the dirty and uncomfortable way in which the settlers lived. They seemed quite at the mercy of their hut-keepers, eating what was placed before them, out of dirty tin plates, and using a knife and fork if one could be found. Sometimes the hut-keepers would cook the mutton in no way but as chops; some of them would only boil it, and some roast it, just as they liked; and although the masters were constantly complaining of the sameness, still it never seemed to enter their heads to make their servants change the manner of cooking; but the truth was, they were afraid to speak, in case the hut-keeper would be offended and run away. The principal drink of the settlers is tea, which they take at every meal, and indeed all the day. In many huts the tea-pot is always at the fire; and if a stranger comes in, the first thing he does is to help himself to a panikin of tea. We had neither milk nor butter at any station we were at; nothing but mutton, tea, and damper, three times a day; every meal was alike from one week to another, and from year's end to year's end. I was so sick of it, I could scarcely eat any thing.

Next day, we had our bullocks ready in good time, as we had a long journey before us; at least we hoped to get on a good way. The heat this day was very intense, and we had no shade. I could scarcely bear it; and before evening we had drunk all the water we brought with us. I thought I should have died of thirst; and we were all suffering alike. Poor little Agnes cried much; at last we got her to sleep and forget her wants. My husband was driving one of the drays, and was so thirsty, that when we came to a muddy hole of water on the path, which the dray had passed through, he lay down on the ground and drank heartily. One of our party, who knew some

thing of the roads, told us we were near water holes, which raised our spirits. At last we came to them, and both people and animals took many a long drink, although the water was bad, and quite bitter from the reeds which grew in it. We filled our cask, and continued our journey a few miles farther, to a place where we were to sleep in the bush. When we got out of the dray, one of the little kittens could not be seen; but on a nearer inspection, it was found squeezed flat on the seat where our servant Mary had sat; it looked as if it had gone through a mangle. Poor Mary was much distressed and annoyed by the gentlemen telling her she must be an awful weight.

We had soon lighted a fire at the foot of a tree, and put on a huge pot of water to boil; when it did boil, two or three handfuls of tea were put into it, and some sugar. One of the men made some thick cakes of flour and water, and fried them in grease. We had also some chops cooked, which we all enjoyed, as we had not stopped to eat any thing on the road. The tea was not poured out; every one dipped his panikin into the pot and helped himself. Mary, Agnes, and I, had a bed made with some blankets under the dray, and all the others slept round the fire, taking by turn the duty of watching the bullocks. Before going to rest, the bullock-driver made a large damper, which he fired in the ashes, for our provision next day.

We got up at day-break, had breakfast, and went on again, and travelled through a forest on fire for forty miles. I was often afraid the burning trees would fall upon us; and we had sometimes to make a new path for ourselves, from the old tracks being blocked up by fallen timber. The fires in the bush are often the work of the natives, to frighten away the white men; and sometimes of the shepherds, to make the grass sprout afresh. A conflagration not unfrequently happens from some one shaking out a tobacco pipe (for every one smokes); and at this season the grass is so dry that it soon catches fire.

We rested for two hours and cooked some dinner, chiefly that our bullocks might feed and rest during the heat of the day. Mr Yuille and I made some fritters of flour and water; I thought them the best things I had ever ate. The Scotch clergyman from Melbourne passed us on the road; he rebuked our bullock-driver for swearing at his bullocks; but the man told him that no one ever yet drove bullocks without swearing; it was the only way to make them go. We lost a very fine kangaroo dog by one of the drays falling back upon it.

This night we slept at Mr Anderson's hut; he was from home, but had an old woman as hut-keeper, who made us as comfortable as she could; but it was a cold night, and the wind whistled very keenly through a door made of rushes. This was one of the most neatly kept huts I saw, and the owner of it one of the few gentlemen who kept himself always neat and clean in the bush.

Next day we went over to Mr Yuille's station, where I remained six weeks, until our own hut was put up; the gentlemen kindly gave up their sleeping apartment to me. While at Mr Yuille's station, I gathered a great many mushrooms, the finest I ever saw. I had fortunately a bundle of spices in my trunk, and I made a good supply of ketchup, both for Mr Yuille, and to take to our own station.

I felt distressed to see so much waste and extravagance amongst the servants. Many a large piece of mutton I have seen thrown from the hut door that might have served a large family for dinner; and unfortunately there is no remedy for this: if the masters were to take notice of it, it would only make them worse, or else they would run away, or, as they call it, *bolt*. I saw plainly that there would be neither comfort nor economy to the masters so long as the country was so ill provided with servants; they were the masters; they had the impudence always to keep in their own hut the best pieces of the meat, and send into their masters the inferior bits. I was sorry my servant Mary should have so bad an example, but hoped that she had too much good sense to follow it, as she appeared as much shocked at it as myself.

I was glad when my husband came to take us to our own station, which was about thirty miles farther up the country. Part of the country we passed through was the most beautiful I ever saw, while other portions were very cold and bleak. We stopped at one or two huts, and had mutton, tea, and damper, at each of them. We passed an immense salt lake, which is gradually drying up; its circumference is forty miles. Many lakes, both salt and fresh, have dried up lately. The natives say it is the white people coming that drives away the water; they say, "Plenty mobeek long time, combarley white fellow mobeek gigo!"—in English, "Plenty water for a long time, but when the white people come, the water goes away." The natives have some strange ideas of death; they think, when they die, they go to Van Diemen's Land, and come back white fellows. I know a young man who receives many a maternal embrace from an old black woman. She fancies he is her son, who died some time before; she saw him come back, and she calls him always by her son's name. They also believe in a good and evil spirit, and that fire will keep away the bad spirit; consequently, at night, when urgent business prompts them to move about, they always carry a fire-stick; but they do not like moving in the dark.

When we passed the salt lake, the country began to improve. I thought we should never come to our

own station, the bullocks travel so very slowly. At last Mr Thomson told me to look forward as far as I could see; we were now at the end of a large plain or marsh. I looked, and saw our pretty little hut peeping through a cluster of trees. I cannot say how it was, but my heart beat with delight the first time I saw that place. I took it for a presentiment of good fortune; and Mary, who had now got over her fear of the natives, seemed to participate in my feelings, for she said, "It's a bonny place, and my heart warms to it."

MRS LOUDON'S YEAR BOOK OF NATURAL HISTORY.*

It must be agreeable to many parents to know, that Mrs Loudon has begun to apply her excellent talents and extensive knowledge of natural history to the service of the young. This volume is the first present she has made to the juvenile world, and it is a very delightful one. Its structure is simple, consisting merely of conversations between herself (under the name of Mrs Merton) and her own daughter Agnes, though the scene of the dialogue is often shifted, and one or two friends are admitted occasionally, as interlocutors. It is beautifully embellished with wood-engravings, and altogether is one of the best books of its class which we have happened to see. A few bits, taken here and there from its pages, will justify our opinion, and perhaps lead some of our young readers to form a more intimate acquaintance with it.

On some British field birds.—"Now we are talking about birds, mamma; do you remember, when we were in the country last summer, our finding a nest in some reeds that grew near a brook, with the little birds that had crept out of it, clinging with their claws to the reeds, while their parents were feeding them?"

"Yes. These little birds were reed warblers, or, as they are sometimes called, reed wrens (*Sylvia arundinacea*), and it is a peculiarity in that species for the young birds to leave the nest before they can fly. The nest of the reed warbler is very deep, to enable it to retain the eggs, when the reeds on which it is fixed are blown about by the wind; and the poor little birds would be almost smothered, if they did not contrive to crawl out. It is very curious to see the female bird sitting on her eggs with the most perfect confidence, while the reeds which form its support are tossed to and fro by the wind, and sometimes blown down to the level of the water. The nest is very curiously contrived, being formed of moss and dry grass, neatly and very strongly interwoven, like basket-work, round the reeds; and where practicable, round the branch of some neighbouring poplar or willow, as if the bird knew that, by fastening its nest in this manner to a tree, it would be rendered more steady."

"Can't you tell me any more about it, mamma?"

"I can tell you something of another bird that very closely resembles it in appearance and its place of living. This is the sedge warbler (*Sylvia phragmites*), a bird so remarkable for its song, that it has been called the English mocking-bird."

"What is meant by a mocking-bird?"

"A bird that can hardly be said to have any note of its own, but which imitates every bird it hears. I can tell you a curious tale that I have heard of one of these sedge warblers. A young man, whom I shall call George, a native of Northumberland, happened to be staying with some friends near Stanmore, and having boasted of his skill in catching birds, the young lady of the house asked him to get her a linnet. A few days afterwards, George, while walking with the son of his host, whom I shall call Edward, heard a sedge warbler imitating a linnet. He was delighted, and hastened forward to catch the bird; but before he reached it, the mocking-bird had changed its song to an imitation of the swallow's chatter of self-satisfaction, when one of those birds has been building a nest in a barn. George was rather puzzled, and stood still; but in a few moments, hearing the triumphant *wee-wee-wee*, with which the linnet generally concludes its song, he darted forward and caught at the bird, which, to the great amazement of Edward, flew away, uttering *churr-churr*, and prolonging the sound of the *r*, in which the Northumbrians are so very deficient, as if in ridicule of its enemy."

"How droll!"

"In this manner the sedge warbler will imitate the songs of perhaps a dozen birds in succession; running from one to another in a gay and lively manner, as though it enjoyed its mimicry; and changing perpetually, as though from caprice."

They had now returned to the house; and they were ascending the steps which led to the terrace under the veranda, when they saw a robin redbreast hopping along the flags. He did not fly away when he saw them, but turned his little head on one side with such a curious mixture of pertness and simplicity in his bright black eyes, as he looked up in their faces, that he quite delighted Agnes.

"What a little dear he is," cried she; "I do really think he would almost let me stroke him."

"There are some people," said Mrs Merton, "who assert, that the tameness and sociability of the robin should be attributed to boldness; but there is something so agreeable and confiding in the habits of this bird that I never could bring myself to think ill of it. Bobby does, it is true, look rather saucily up in one's face, as though he defied us to do him any harm; and people do say that he is terribly given to fighting with other birds of his own kind."

"Oh, I'm sorry to hear that!"

"A gentleman, wanting to entrap a wild robin, placed a tame robin in a cage, tying it to the bars by its leg. The cage was then placed with the door open on the ledge of

a balcony, and only a few minutes elapsed before a wild robin, attracted by the fluttering of the captive, approached the cage, and hopped round it several times, uttering a fierce note of defiance. The imprisoned robin ceased its fluttering, and answered this note with another of the same kind; when the stranger rushed into the cage, and so furious a combat took place between the two birds, that the stranger robin permitted the gentleman to close the door of the cage, and remove it into his room, where he took the two little furies out in his hand, and put them into separate cages.

"I am quite shocked to hear such an account of any robin. But perhaps that happened to be a very quarrelsome bird; you know there are some quarrelsome men."

"I am sorry to say that the fact of the robin's pugnacity does not rest upon this solitary instance. A friend of mine in Wales had an arbour in his garden, where he and his family were frequently in the habit of taking tea; and whenever they did so, a robin redbreast was sure to perch upon the table, to peck whatever crumbs might be left. The children were very fond of this bird; and it, at last, became so tame, that it would perch on the shoulder of one of them, a little girl of about your age; and when it saw her coming into the arbour, it would hop up the gravel-walk to meet her. This continued several weeks, till one day the gardener caught another robin, which was put into a cage, and hung up in the arbour to see what the children's Bobby would say to it."

"Well, and what happened?"

"I am quite sorry to tell it. The moment the tame Bobby discovered his rival in the cage, he flew at it with the greatest fury, beating himself against the bars with such violence that he fell down evidently much hurt. The little girl whom he was so fond of, picked him up in her hand, and endeavoured to tempt him to eat, but he would not touch any thing. He was evidently pining with rage and jealousy; and she no sooner let him go than he again flew furiously against the cage, and beat himself against the bars so violently, that in a very short time he fell down dead."

"And what did the other bird do?"

"He fought as furiously as he could inside the cage; and after Bobby was dead, he pecked so violently at the bars to get through them, that it is supposed he hurt himself also; for he would not eat any of the food that was brought to him, and he died in a few days."

"What a melancholy history!"

"It is a fearful example of the effects of ungoverned passion, even in a bird."

Eliza now brought some crumbs of bread and small bits of meat for Agnes to give the robin; and the little girl strewed them on the flag-stones under the veranda, Bobby sitting all the time on a vase close by, and eyeing her proceedings.

"Why does he not fly down, and begin to eat?" cried Agnes, after waiting some time. "See how he keeps bowing and quivering his tail. Perhaps he is afraid of me; and the little girl crept close to her mother, as far as possible from the place where the crumbs were."

"I think he is afraid of the cat," said Mrs Merton; "and that his bowing is not intended to thank you, but to intimate that he wishes to decline the honour of Sandy's acquaintance."

Agnes looked round, and saw Sandy sitting behind them, as intently watching the bird as Bobby himself had watched the crumbs of bread. "Oh, do take Sandy away!" cried she to Eliza.

"I am sure, Miss Agnes," said Eliza, "Sandy would never think of touching a robin." And apparently hurt at the imputation thrown upon her favourite, she called the cat away. Bobby only waited till they were out of sight, before he flew down to his crumbs; and while he was eating them, Agnes asked her mother why Eliza had appeared so indignant at its being supposed that her favourite Sandy would kill a robin.

"There are several strange superstitions respecting the robin current in different parts of the country," said Mrs Merton, "that I believe have never been satisfactorily accounted for. For instance, in the county that Eliza comes from, any cat that was detected killing a robin, would be supposed to be a witch in disguise, and would immediately be hanged or drowned without mercy. When I was a child, I have often heard that a cat would never eat a robin, even if it had killed it; and I am sure no boy in the village, however wild or mischievous he might be, would have killed either a robin or a wren."

"And is no reason known for this?"

"None that ever I heard of, except the fable of two robin redbreasts covering the Children in the Wood with leaves after their death: and the old distich, 'The robin and the wren are God's cock and hen.'"

"I am glad that any feeling prevails to save robins: they are such pretty creatures, in spite of their faults. Do they sing sweetly, mamma?"

"The song of the robin is very different at different seasons; in the spring, it is cheerful and mellow; in autumn, it becomes more melancholy, and often stops abruptly; and in winter, it is only a kind of chirp. It has been observed that in summer, after rainy and unsettled weather, if a robin is heard to sing loudly and cheerfully, and to continue his song for a long time, the following day is generally the commencement of a long series of fine and sunny days; and on the contrary, if in dry warm weather the robin be observed to perch low in a hedge, and to sit brooding and chirping mournfully, wet and gloomy weather is sure to be near at hand."

"I wish Bobby would begin to sing now."

"Robins seldom sing in very cold weather; but I certainly think he might chirp, to thank you for his dinner."

"Did you ever see the nest of a robin, mamma?"

"Yes; and I know of no other bird that will build in such strange places. When it makes its nest in the open air, it is constructed of moss, dry grass, and dead leaves; and it is generally placed on a bank sheltered by a low hedge, or a thick bush, or in a hole in a wall, covered with ivy. As to the strange places in which it builds sometimes, a pair near Manchester built in a saw-pit, where the female sat and hatched her young, though

two men were sawing timber in the pit every day close to her. Another pair built under the horse in a child's cart, which had been hung up against the wall in a lumber room; another in the folds of a curtain; and another under a large Bible in the pulpit of a church. But the strangest of all, was what happened to a friend of ours in Ireland."

"And what was that, mamma?"

"Our friend had a museum of stuffed birds and beasts, to which it was necessary to admit the air every day; and he was very much annoyed to find, that every time the window was opened, a pair of robins flew into the room, and all about it, as if they were looking for a place to build a nest. The robins were repeatedly driven out; but as they returned as repeatedly, and as our friend could not spare the time to stay all day to watch them, he removed some of the most fearful-looking creatures in his museum to the window, hoping to frighten the robins away. For this purpose he placed an alligator, with open jaws, and frightful rows of teeth, on one side, and an equally terrific-looking shark on the other, while in the middle stared a very fierce-looking tiger. When our friend had completed his barricade, he could not help looking with some satisfaction at his work. The robins will fancy these creatures alive, thought he, and it must be a bold bird indeed that will venture to pass by them. Thus satisfied, our friend left the room with the window open, and did not return to it for several days, and when he did, what do you think he saw? The female robin's bright eyes peeping at him through the spaces between the alligator's teeth; for she had built her nest in the fearful creature's mouth. Our friend, though very much provoked, could not help laughing; and he was so amused with the ingenious manner in which the robin had contrived to obtain her end, that he suffered her to hatch her eggs and rear her young, without attempting to disturb her."

JUVENILE LABOUR.

THERE is much truth in the following observations on the employment of young persons in factories. We quote from an article on the manufacturing population in a new periodical, to which we wish every success—"The North of England Magazine" (Manchester: Simms and Dinham):—

"Juvenile labour is a grievance; we confess it, but there is one thing worse, and that is juvenile starvation. We have seen with some pain the little piecers and cleaners employed in their monotonous routine, when the sun was high in heaven, when the skies looked smilingly upon the earth, and earth answered with its own smile of loveliness and fertility; we thought how much more delightful would have been the gambol of the free limbs on the hill side, the inhaling of the fresh breeze, the sight of the green mead, with its spangles of butter-cups and daisies, the song of the bird, and the humming of the bee. We could give as much sentimentality on the subject as would serve three generations of boarding-schools. But we have seen other sights; we have seen children perishing from sheer hunger in the mud hovel, or in the ditch by the wayside, where a few soda and withered boughs had formed a hut, compared to which a human wigwam were a palace. We have seen the juvenile mendicant, and the juvenile vagrant, with famine in their cheeks and despair in their hearts; we have seen the juvenile delinquent, his conscience seared by misery, his moral nature destroyed by suffering, his intellectual powers trained to perversity by the irresistible force of the circumstances that surrounded him. It is a sad confession to make, but, owing perhaps to some peculiar obliquity of intellect or hardness of heart, we would rather see boys and girls earning the means of support in the mill than starving by the roadside, shivering on the pavement, or even conveyed in an omnibus to Bridewell."

Most worshipful and compassionate philanthropists, to whom such a declaration will probably appear the very consummation of cruelty, and perhaps of iniquity, we pray of you to reflect upon the simple words, 'earning the means of their support.' It is a physiological fact, of which you probably are not aware, that these young people have mouths and stomachs; it is absolutely true that they require to be fed as well as your lap-dogs and fox-hounds. It is probable, also, that they may require some few articles of clothing, if not for the sake of keeping them warm at least for the protection of delicate nerves; complete nakedness might shock fastidious people. Far be it from us to blame your sympathies for the over-worked children, we only ask you to extend some share of such honourable feelings to their more miserable parents."

The question of juvenile labour is one that concerns the parents infinitely more than the employers of the children. Manufacturers have not created the system; it has been forced upon them. There never was such a thing as a levying of children by conscription for the service of the mill-owners; there is not one recorded instance of a piecer or cleaner being kidnapped in Manchester by any wholesale dealer in human flesh; negroes have been stolen and purchased to cultivate the estates bequeathed to religious societies in the West Indies, but no such system has ever been adopted in recruiting for the factories. The children are sent to work with the full knowledge and approbation of their parents. It may be said,

"Their poverty and not their will consents;"

and when this is said, we have got to the very pith and marrow of the question. The operative labours to procure food for himself and his family; if his toil does not bring in a sufficiency for their maintenance, the other branches of the family must give additional labour, in order to increase the common stock, or they must starve. It is sufficiently easy to join in the senseless howl against philosophy and political economy, but there is no setting over the plain fact, that neither man nor boy, woman nor girl, can eat, unless they have food. Every body has laughed at the French princess, who,

* The Year Book of Natural History for Young Persons. By Mrs Loudon. John Murray, Albemarle Street. 1842. Small square 8vo., pp. 264.

hearing that the poor had an insufficiency of bread, proposed to feed them with plum-cake; but her proposition was absolute wisdom, when compared with the schemes broached by the humanity-mongers of the present day. They tell us to abolish juvenile labour; they reflect not that labour brings wages, and that wages bring bread; their charity is starvation; their humanity a sentence of extermination.

It is offensive to fine sensibilities that children should work at factories, but is it equally offensive to such delicate feelings that these children should be in existence? There they are, and fed they must be. The mode is to be settled, not with the manufacturer, but with the father and mother. We should gladly see our precious philanthropists setting about it. Suppose one of these humanity-mongers going into the cottage or lodging of a working family, and gravely proposing that the boys and girls should be prevented from going to the mill for the future. The father declares, that already their united wages are barely sufficient for decent support, and that, in the present state of trade, a reduction of wages is far more probable than a rise. If he could procure food at a cheaper rate, if taxation did not indirectly sweep away more than half of his earnings, he might be able to afford his children more leisure for instruction and amusement; but to propose as a remedy for a poor man's sufferings the increase of his outgoings, accompanied by the diminution of his incomings, is sheer mockery and insult on the part of a man in his senses, and worse than the drivellings of idioy when proposed by anybody else."

ANATOMICAL STUDY.

Persons who imagine that medical men might be sufficiently instructed for all useful purposes without a knowledge of anatomy gained in the dissecting room, will perceive the fallacy of such an opinion on perusal of the following passages from a lecture by Dr M. S. Buchanan, lately delivered to the students of Anderson's University, Glasgow:—

"I shall shortly state the case of a man of the name of Stewart, who was admitted into our infirmary on the 19th of April, 1830. While superintending some boiling solution at the Hurlet Alum-works, he had fallen by the side of the vat, by which his arm had been so destroyed, that, shortly after his admission, notwithstanding all the means which were adopted to arrest the progress of the mortification, amputation of the arm, immediately below the shoulder-joint, was obliged to be had recourse to. The operation was ably performed by my friend Dr Weir; and though the wound was in a sloughy condition for some days after, still, when I took the charge (according to the regulations of the house), on the 30th of April, there was no cause for serious alarm. On the morning of the 1st of May, however, profuse arterial hemorrhage took place from the surface of the stump; and after consultation, it was unanimously decided that I should place a ligature on the subclavian artery above the clavicle, on the distal side of the *scalenus anticus* muscle. The operation did not occupy more than ten minutes—scarcely a table-spoonful of blood was lost during its performance—and I may add, that the patient was by this means secured from further hemorrhage.

Now, this was an operation which I was almost daily in the habit of performing in the dissecting room, and in consequence, knew well the relative position of the parts; but in the case narrated, I experienced that it is one thing to perform an operation on the dead, and a very different matter to handle the knife on the living subject; more especially where inflammation had been present, where mortification and suppuration had caused so much displacement: and, above all, where the movements of the patient exposed him, at every step of my progress, to fresh hemorrhage; but, gentlemen, if such were my feelings with all my previous knowledge of the parts, what would they have been had I been groping in the dark? And so you will all soon find, that, unless your eye and hand are accustomed to trace accurately the connexions and relations of such parts on the dead, you will never be able to operate with confidence or success on the living. Some of you may say, however, 'Oh! we shall never need to perform any such dangerous or difficult operation as that now adverted to, as we do not intend to become hospital surgeons.' But how do you know at present what situations in life you may be called on to occupy? You go to the Highlands of your own country, to India, or to Canada, it may be, and how do you know but that, on your very first entrance on practice, as happened to myself in the case alluded to—for it was my very first hospital operation—some poor unfortunate may get himself injured in the thigh or arm, and bleed so profusely that no time may be left you for consultation. You apply your tourniquet, but this fails to arrest the arterial current; you try compression and styptics of various kinds, but all will not do; and sad must be your state of mind, if, in such a case, from ignorance of anatomy, you allow a valuable life to be lost; and blasted for ever must be your professional reputation, if you do not by ligature arrest the progress of that hemorrhage, an operation which a knowledge of anatomy alone can enable you to accomplish.

How frequently is it the case, that the student of divinity is obliged to labour either in remote parts of his own country, or, as a missionary, is called on to migrate to foreign climes, where, besides unfurling the banner of the cross, and prosecuting his godlike labours, he may give medical advice, and thus many a valuable life may be saved. Indeed, so indispensable do I think a knowledge of anatomy to the divine, that, instead of enforcing an attendance on natural history, as is now the case, the time, I sincerely trust, is at hand when anatomy will take its place; and nothing will afford me more satisfaction than in affording every facility in my power to accomplish so very desirable an object.

To lawyers of every grade, how necessary and important is a knowledge of anatomy, all of you must have remarked who have ever been present at a coroner's inquest in either of the sister kingdoms (for no such court, to the disgrace of Scotland, exists in our own country),

and in our judiciary courts; more especially in all cases of murder or homicide how superior does the advocate appear, who, having a knowledge of this important science, elicits all that information so necessary to the elucidation of his case, and so important to the life of his client! To every reflecting mind, indeed, the wonderful mechanism of the human body must ever be a subject of the most interesting contemplation. What curiosity can be more natural, what can be more nearly concern us, than to be intimately acquainted with that framework which is the organ of mind, the instrument by which it acquires all its ideas, which it employs in all its operations, and on the order or derangement of which so much of our happiness depends? To those among you—and I hope there are not a few who take pleasure in contemplating the Deity in his works—what study can be more gratifying and pleasing than the investigation of the structure and functions of the animal machine, which everywhere exhibits so many proofs of divine wisdom and benevolence? So convinced, indeed, have been the virtuous and talented in all ages of the aid which natural theology derives from anatomy, that this has been of all arguments the most convincing in proof of the power, wisdom, and goodness of the Almighty; and has produced, of late years, one of the most able of the Bridgewater treatises on this interesting theme—I allude to that one by Sir Charles Bell, on the Structure and Functions of the Hand of Man—a fractional part only of that wonderful machine which we are about to contemplate."

THE DULCIMER.

A short time ago, the Edinburgh public was delighted with the music of a rare and ancient species of instrument, the dulcimer. Two brothers, Messrs Nelson, were performers, each playing on an instrument placed before him, and the charming sounds they produced were not less gratifying than the extraordinary dexterity of their execution. A newspaper, *The Observer*, describes the dulcimer as follows:—"It consists of a flat box about three feet long, nearly the same in breadth, and four inches in depth; and in shape it somewhat resembles the cushion of an ordinary chair, the front, or side next the performer, being wider than the opposite or farther side. The top or belly of the instrument is of thin wood, perforated with two sounding holes. On the belly, and respectively parallel to the ends of the instrument, there are fixed two rows of wooden pins, about a dozen in each row, each pin being about two inches high, with a space of about half an inch between every two. Each row stands about one-third of the whole length of the instrument from its contiguous end, the two rows thus dividing the belly into three compartments. These pins being bevelled, or brought to an edge at the top, serve as bridges to elevate and support the strings. The strings are of thin metallic wire, four to each note, tuned, of course, to the same pitch. The wires are fastened at one end of the instrument by means of small brass jags, and at the other by iron pegs, which can be turned round by a key to tune the instrument, as is done in the pianoforte. Although there are two rows of bridges, the strings composing one note do not pass over two pins, for the pins are so placed, that one stands opposite the space between two on the other side, thus giving room to the strings upon it to run, without interruption, the whole length of the instrument from the bridge to the opposite end. By this arrangement, the several notes present a surface of alternate elevations and depressions similar to the appearance of the warp threads in a loom, when moved by the treadles to receive the woof. The compass of the instrument extends to two octaves and a half, tuned in the chromatic scale. When played upon, it is placed on a table, and is slightly inclined to face the performer, who sits opposite to it, and beats upon it with both hands by means of slight slips of cane, about six inches long, and curved at one end. The strings are struck with the curved end, which is muffled by a thread being twisted round it. The Messrs Nelson play on two instruments, the one playing the subject, and the other the accompaniment."

PUNISHMENT OF DRUNKARDS.

The laws against intoxication are enforced with great rigour in Sweden. Whoever is seen drunk is fined, for the first offence, three dollars; for the second, six; for the third and fourth, a still larger sum, and is also deprived of the right of voting at elections, and of being appointed a representative. He is, besides, publicly exposed in the parish church on the following Sunday. If the same individual is found committing a like offence a fifth time, he is shut up in a house of correction, and condemned to six months' hard labour; and if he is again guilty, to a twelvemonth's punishment of a similar description. If the offence has been committed in public, such as at a fair, an auction, &c., the fine is doubled; and if the offender has made his appearance in a church, the punishment is still more severe. Whoever is convicted of having induced another to intoxicate himself, is fined three dollars, which sum is doubled if the drunken person is a minor. An ecclesiastic who falls into this offence loses his benefice; if it is a layman who occupies any considerable post, his functions are suspended, and perhaps he is dismissed. Drunkenness is never admitted as an excuse for any crime; and whoever dies while drunk, is buried ignominiously, and deprived of the prayers of the church. It is forbidden to give, and more explicitly to sell, any spirituous liquor to students, workmen, servants, apprentices, and private soldiers. Whoever is observed drunk in the streets, or making a noise in a tavern, is sure to be taken to prison, and detained until sober, without, however, being on that account exempted from the fines. Half of these fines go to the informers (who are generally police officers), the other half to the poor. If the delinquent has no money, he is kept in prison until some one pays for him, or until he has worked out his enlargement. Twice a year these ordinances are read aloud from the pulpit by the clergy; and every tavern-keeper is bound, under the penalty of a heavy fine, to have a copy of them hung up in the principal rooms of his house.—*Flowers of Anecdote.*

CHANGE OF TIMES.

When the late Mr John Newberry, of St Paul's Church-yard, projected the publication of a weekly newspaper in 1758, now about 80 years ago, to be called *The Universal Chronicle*, he employed the celebrated Dr Johnson to furnish a short essay on such subjects of a general or temporary kind as might suit the taste of newspaper readers, and distinguish the new paper from its contemporaries. The reason assigned for printing this essay is not only extremely curious to the caterers of public news of the present day, but is a remarkable fact in the history of newspapers. The printer stated that the occurrences of the week were not sufficient to fill its columns. Those who now publish weekly newspapers find it not only difficult but impossible to insert half the articles which have entertained other readers during the intervals of publication, and which, from the common impulses of domestic or public curiosity, their readers think they have a right to expect. It is also worth mentioning, that the essays written for the purpose of filling a vacant column in the above-mentioned paper by Dr Johnson, were afterwards collected into a volume, and form the well-known work called *The Idler*.—*Flowers of Anecdote.*

OIL OF COD'S LIVER IN SCROFULA.

Dr Roesch (a medical writer in Germany) adopts as his grand hypothesis, the fact that scrofulous humours show a predominance of acid, and recommends, after the practice of the ancients, the use of absorbents, alkalies, and greasy substances. He declares that, in countries where fat bacon is used, scrofula is rare, and recommends strongly the use of cod's oil, which, having a chemically neutralising action, is stimulating, strengthening, and nutritious.—*Medical Times.*

[We know nothing of the correctness of the above theory, but seeing that it issues from a respectable quarter, we should think it well worthy the attention of medical practitioners, and also of those afflicted with the disease mentioned. The eating of fat bacon or the incorporation of cod oil with food, is so simple a remedy that it could do no harm to try it.]

TO RELIEVE CHOKED CATTLE.

A neighbour of mine called on me one morning, a few years since, to assist him in relieving an ox of his that was choked some time since during the night, in consequence of breaking into an orchard. The ox was much bloated and in great distress, and it appeared, could not live many minutes. While making active preparations in order to relieve him, an elderly lady belonging to the family emptied part of the contents of a small snuff-box into her hand, and applied it to the nose of the ox. The relief was almost instantaneous. The bloot rapidly diminished, and the ox in five minutes after ate some hay laid before it. I never heard of the remedy before, nor have I known it tried since; but in that case it was effectual.—*From a Correspondent of the American Silk-grower's and Farmer's Manual.*

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